THE YOGI

A MAGAZINE OF FERMENT

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SYDNEY FLOWER, Editor and Publisher
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Haviland, the Health Village

By Marion Foster Washburne

The problem of health in the Southwest is actually intensified by the advantages of the climate and country; for these attractions draw health-seekers in such numbers that to provide for their needs becomes a matter of public importance. Such health-seekers are not usually of the hospital class; nor are their disorders such as are amenable to hospital treatment. They come intending to settle in the state, or at least make a long stay; and their families come with them. To take care of them properly requires two things: namely, unusually careful sanitation and opportunities for the employment of the family.

The plan proposed to meet the situation is that which has received the formal endorsement of the Executive Board of the Sierra Madre Woman's Club. It is a Health Village,—a real Spotless Town,—situated among the fertile foothills of the Sierra Madre,—a village of steam-heated, electric-lighted, airy bungalows, each with its bath, set among fruit orchards. In the center of the town will be a well-equipped modern hospital with facilities for all sorts of laboratory work, baths and electrical treatments. There is a central square, English Village fashion, one side of which is occupied with this hospital; another by the large dining-room and kitchen, with an out-service department whence trays of hot food are sent to the bungalows whenever required; a third, by the Administration Building; and a fourth by the Club House. This last building will be fitted with a stage, and entertainments of various kinds will be given in it, and a large fire-place, book-cases and magazine racks, will afford opportunities for pleasant social evenings.

INDUSTRIES:

About these buildings cluster smaller ones,—workshops of various kinds, every modern device for handling fruit swiftly and aseptically, a bake-shop, and arts and crafts shop, a factory for cloisonne glass, and various other industries.

The bulk of the industrial opportunity is, however, afforded by the necessity of working the land, spraying and picking the fruit, and other wholesome labor out of doors.

Each of these departments will be in charge of a competent workman, drawing a salary sufficiently generous to attract first class labor, who will have oversight of the amateur workers and be responsible for the high grade of their output, thus avoiding that discouragement which comes to the new worker from the production of inferior work; and providine the convalescent with the stimulus caused by finding himself again of market value.

The name of the new model village is to be Haviland,—the Valle" of Blessing:

It is not a community, but a corporation; not a charity, but a business. Experience has proved that most charitable enterprises,—and practically all co-operative undertakings—are unstable to a degree most discouraging to those idealists who found them in all good faith; but experience has also proved that the corporate form of doing business is stable to a high degree, and flexible. It admits of a certain amount of co-operation, together with administrative power and efficiency. It contains within itself means of redress for grievances at the same time that it has power to enforce its declarations. These are features essential to the success of any undertaking, from a Department Store to a City.

A CORPORATE CONCERN:

The formation of the corporation is always a matter of some importance, but in this case that difficulty, like so many others, has already been

met and overcome. The corporation was formed over two years ago, and has been doing business successfully ever since, as El Reposo Sanatorium Company, at Sierra Madre. Its charter was purposely made wide enough to include the operations of the new village, which was then in mind. This is the corporation which will conduct the new village. Its officers, directors, and advisory board are such as to inspire public confidence. The officers of the Company are:

President .... Mr. Sherman E. Smith
Vice Pres. & Gen. Mgr. ...... Haviland H. Lund
Treasurer .... Hon. Frank R. Willis
Judge Superior Court

Secretary & Attorney ...... James L. Irwin, Esq.
Advisory Board:
Hon. Paul J. McCormick, Judge Superior Court.
Hon. Lyman J. Gage, Point Loma, California.
Mr. C. W. Mitchell,
Mr. Arthur Letts,
Mr. C. B. Boothe,
Dr. John R. Haynes,
Rev. C. C. Pierce,
Dr. Francis R. Kellogg,
Dr. T. C. Low
Mr. Theodore D. Kanouse,
Mr. Fred C. Pierce,
Mrs. Marion Foster Washburne.
Medical Director:
George F. Washburne, M. D.

THE BOND ISSUE:

This Company has now issued bonds, secured by the land upon which El Reposo is built and valued at $200,000.00. The Merchants Bank & Trust Company of Los Angeles, are the Trustees. Bonds may be purchased at the bank of this Trust Company. Each bond is for $25.00, bearing interest at six per cent. They are put at this low figure to accommodate women who wish to lend a little financial assistance to the plan endorsed by some of their leading organizations. Their attention is called to the fact that by buying such bonds they not only help along an excellent cause but that they do so at absolutely no risk to themselves, drawing a larger interest from the bonds than they could do from the bank, and holding as security a first mortgage on California improved real estate.

SPECIAL FEATURES:

In its main features, financially, the plan is what is called a town site proposition. The Village of Haviland is going up exactly like the hundreds of villages, now towns and cities, established by enterprising real estate men for their own profit; with this difference, such towns are a speculation, and their founders frankly regard them in that light. They do not intend to live in those towns themselves, or to take any more interest in them than is necessary to induce people to buy the lots and settle there. The Company concerned with the founding of the Village of Haviland, on the

other hand, intend to conduct at least two large businesses in that Village,—a Tuberculosis Sanatorium at one end, and a General Sanatorium at the other, with various minor enterprises presently to be described. The Company's interest, indeed, is so great that it will not sell a foot of the Village land. It intends to keep entire control, and it will do so by means of retaining the title to the land. All intending settlers will hold leases from the Corporation, leases made on reasonable terms and for long periods,—but also leases that are practically contracts.

The importance of this feature cannot well be overestimated. For, if the land were sold out in small parcels, there would be the usual difficulty, familiar to every American town dweller, of getting regulations enforced, even though they are designed for the protection of all. Business men, accustomed to deal with large affairs, such as the affairs of railroads, often say that in these businesses they would not for a moment tolerate the average political inefficiency which marks the conduct of our usual towns. They run these great industries by means of the corporate form, and the Village of Haviland will be managed by the same swift and competent means. It will need no police force, no courts of law, no magistrates, no political procedures of any sort,—any more than a manufacturing company needs them within its own walls. Persons violating the terms of their leases simply move off the Company's property, and take their ideas of citizenship elsewhere.

SANITARY PRECAUTIONS:

Anyone who has observed the laxity of the enforcing of the anti-spit ordinances, and the frequency with which men in this country, which is fighting tuberculosis, spit in the public streets, must be struck with the great advantage of such a simple and certain method of enforcing healthful conditions.

But, after all, these advantages do not rest upon theory, however sound. The deed has been done. The little town called El Reposo Sanatorium has been conducted by this same corporation on this principle for two years. No one ever spits there except in the sputum cups provided for that purpose. These cups are incinerated daily, and the bungalows are systematically disinfected; the bedding fumigated; no disease carrying rugs, carpets, or hangings are permitted; no rooms can be left unventilated,—they are so built that the air cannot be shut out; dishes are sterilized when they are washed,—in short the whole place is safer from danger of infection, in spite of its tuberculous population, than any hotel or apartment house in Los Angeles today.

SEGREGATION:

But the tuberculous department will be only one of several included in the Village plan. It will be situated in one corner, quite away from the others,—not in the least because it is really dangerous, for it is not,—but because the Corporation recognizes that a prejudice is a fact and must

be dealt with like any other fact. Scorning it does not dispose of it. Therefore they will place the other departments at a conspicuously safe distance from the tuberculous department.
The other departments will include a General Sanatorium,—a Rest Cure, into which positively no one having tuberculosis in any stage will be admitted,—an Old People's Home, an Open Air School and a School of Philosophy. Each will have its own head, who will serve as Director on the Board of Directors.

All of the departments will be administered from a central buildin–. All the supplies will be bought in common. One electric light plant will supply all; one water system; one set of books; one general manager. The arrangement has all the economic advantages of a Trust, a Beneficent Trust.

OLD PEOPLE'S HOME:

The Old People's Home was also planned and on the eve of being built elsewhere, when the obvious advantage of having the Home located in the Village persuaded its philanthropic founders to give up their original intention. Everyone who knows old people knows that they need two things, skilled care and companionship. They do not like to be set off by themselves, yet they are not equal to the vigorous life of persons in their prime. They don't like to be taken care of, often; yet they need this care as much as children do. The Village of Haviland will

furnish them occupation, amusement, and human interest in the stir of village life: but it will also, through its medical and nursing staff, see to it that they are not overtaxed; and by its corporate form will be able authoritatively yet impersonally to enforce those sanitary regulations and precautions which old people too often disregard, and which members of their own households cannot insist upon without rousing unpleasant opposition.

RECREATION:

To meet their needs and that of others, there will be an Amusement Hall, where moving picture shows, carefully selected, will be given, concerts, lectures, and entertainments of all sorts, for young and old. No one in the infectious state of tuberculosis will be admitted to this Hall. Another will be provided for them in their own quarter, where duplicate entertainments will be given.

OCCUPATION:

Occupation being needed, as well as amusement, there will be a cluster of picturesque little open air shops. Each of these will be operated by an expert,—a trained workman, who makes this trade a business—thus insuring the quality of the output and relieving the workers from the weariness which comes from attempting work only partially understood. Workers in these shops will be the well members of families in which is

a tuberculous patient, the members of the Rest Cure Village who wish to earn a little money or amuse themselves with useful labor, and such of the old people as have some handicraft which they still like to exercise. No one will be compelled to work. Each works by the job, taking his own time; and each will be paid a fair market price for his labor. These shops will not be operated to meet the usual trade competition, but to meet the needs of the Village itself, and of the workers. And while their standard of output will be high as to quality, it will not be great as to quantity—consequently there will be no need of that feverish haste which is injurious to health.

There will be a tailor shop, including pressing and repairing; a dress-making shop, a millinery shop; a cobbler's; a printing press where the Village Magazine will be printed, the daily menus, and announcements, and job printing done, and a modern well equipped laundry.
In addition to these occupations there will be fruit raising, vegetable and flower gardening, road and fence making—all wholesome out-of-doors forms of labor, and all means for lessening the expense of persons living in either of the Sanatorium Departments.

OPEN AIR SCHOOL:

Another feature of the Village work will be an open air school for tubercular children; with separate department for the well children of tuber-

cular families. These children, because of their heredity, need special care. To put them into the usual ill-ventilated, chalk-dusty school room is to invite their doom; while if they are watched from the beginning, never overstrained, allowed to work for short hours only, and then under the most favorable conditions, they will in the majority of cases, grow up more rugged than children of a better heredity, trained in an inferior environment. We must never forget that three factors go to the making of us,—heredity, environment, and education. The first we have not yet learned how to control; but the other two can be controlled, and together make a powerful offset to the first. At Haviland, education and environment will both be brought to the steady support of the delicate child.

Among the buildings on the Village Green will be a little library and reading room, where books (kept clean and thoroughly fumigated at regular intervals) and magazines are at the disposal of the villagers.

SAFE HOMES:

So much for the Tubercular work in Haviland. But the Village is by no means intended for this class of persons alone. There are many others who come to Southern California in search of health and recuperation—those who are worn with long care at home, those who are convalescing from some illness; those who are tired from prolonged exertion, in business, art, or the

public service. These need certain essentials difficult to obtain anywhere, but especially difficult in California—these are: (a) perfect sanitation; because in a low state of vitality disease germs easily establish their habitat, and visitors of the sort described are only too ready victims to those tuberculous micro-organisms, and other disease breeding bacilli, that may be floating about. Hotels in California, and boarding houses, are notoriously unsafe, because they must necessarily harbor many persons in at least the first stages of tuberculosis. Yet in hotels, with their rugs and draperies, perfect sanitation is impossible. Here at Haviland, the Rest Department will be entirely distinct—a quarter of a mile distinct, indeed—from the Tuberculosis Department. No person having tuberculosis in any stage will be permitted in this part of the Village. As a consequence of this rule—which our corporate form enables us to enforce—the Rest Department of Haviland is about the only place in California which can be absolutely guaranteed as free from any danger of tuberculous infection. The very fact that we will have a place to put tuberculous patients and their families—a place in every way suitable and desirable—insures the freedom from danger of infection of every other section of the Village.

REST CURE:

(b) The next requirement for persons in need of rest is quiet;—and the Rest Department of Haviland will be built with this very end in view.

No danger here of young people laughing and singing on long verandas while restless would-be sleepers toss within. The young people have their own place and chance, safely out of hearing. The night quiet of every resident is carefully guarded. The bungalows are so far apart that the intense quiet of the country night wraps all their inmates.

STEAM HEATED BUNGALOWS:

(c) The next requirement is warmth, and everyone who has tried to keep warm in the average California bungalow knows how difficult this is. Our bungalows will be steam heated throughout, and will be warm and amply ventilated.

(d) Conveniences are also called for—because nervous persons ought not to be irritated by lamps, candles, inadequate water supply, and other discomforts of the usual life in a country bungalow, insignificant enough to a well, rested person, but thoroughly unattractive and uninviting to a tired one. Our bungalows, as well as the main buildings, are equipped with every modern convenience, electric lights, hot and cold water, and baths. Every bungalow, however tiny, will have its own bath and toilet.

(e) Freedom from housekeeping worry is a necessity. Here excellent food will be served without any trouble to the residents, either in the main buildings, in out-door pergolas commanding beautiful views, or on the private veranda. This service is worked by a system so perfect that every-

one has the comfort of eating where he likes, and almost when he likes, of good, hot, fresh food, simply and well cooked, and quietly served. Those wishing to do their own cooking can do so, as there is a kitchen in all housekeeping bungalows.

TREATMENT:

(f) In addition to these things, there will be some refreshing and invigorating treatments. These will be provided for in the Main Building, where electric light baths, Nauheim baths, sulphur and salt baths are given,—also electric treatments, massage, hydrotherapy, osteopathic, and all other up-to-date Sanatorium treatments, from a facial massage to a Kneipp pack.

PERSONELLE:

Mrs. Haviland H. Lund, Vice President and General Manager of the Corporation, was the originator of the Village Plan, and has carried it out on a small scale at El Reposo Sanatorium in Sierra Madre. The idea was born upon the Arizona desert, where Mrs. Lund lived when her own health was threatened. There she saw conditions which moved her to deep sympathy. Being preeminently a woman of action, accustomed to the handling of large business enterprises, in the pursuit of which her health had suffered, for her to sympathize meant for her to do something, to do it well, and to do it on a large scale. She saw people in all stages of tuberculosis, who in the false belief that climate meant everything, had



HAVILAND H. LUND, Vice-President and General Manager

come to live in little shanties and tent-houses, far away from home and friends, out of reach of competent medical help, only too often to die in utter forlornness.

One man whom she found in the beginning of her stay taught her the lessons which many others later emphasized and drove home. He was in a cabin next to the one which she temporarily occupied—entirely alone, with a high temperature, no appetite at all, constant pain in his stomach and bowels, a terrible racking cough and much expectoration,—an unkempt, unwashed, unfed, uncared-for wretch with a broken body and a broken heart. He was making no fight to live, because his wife had, since his going to the desert, married another and a stronger man.

Mrs. Lund brought him hot water, milk and eggs. She bathed him, fed him with her own hands, put heart into him. Sick though she was herself, she started him on the road to health, and to-day he is a well man, engaged in business in the North.

Everyone who knew her must have known that, once having her mind turned toward this disease and its peculiar difficulties, she would not leave the subject until she had torn the heart out of it, and formed some practical plan for its proper handling. People continually ask if Mrs. Lund is a doctor. She is not, nor does she pretend to be, neither has she ever tried to carry on her work without the assistance of a competent phy-

sician. She knows much more about tuberculosis than many doctors who have never had it, or lived with those who did have it, or studied all the books, magazines, and reports on the subject, as she has done for years.

The next move was to establish a Sanatorium which should be conducted on the principles she had come to believe in. She secured an extensive tract of land and founded El Reposo Sanatorium, in the foothills of the Sierra Madre Mountains, and at once set to work to bring it up to her ideals. In the course of two years she had transformed the place, and with her methods made it what is here described. This being accomplished, she began to branch out into larger fields, and it is but characteristic of her large mind that in framing the initial charter of El Reposo Sanatorium Company, quite a sufficient undertaking one would suppose for a woman barely out of the woods herself, she should so frame it as to serve also for the charter of the Village even then in her mind.

For the past ten years Dr. and Mrs. Washburne have successfully operated a Sanatorium known as Resthaven at Elgin, Illinois—one hour's ride from Chicago. Resthaven is equipped like a beautiful home. Here people tired with the week's stress spend their week ends, taking such baths and other treatment as they need to make themselves equal to the coming work. All sorts of special and general medical treatment is given



DR. WASHBURNE

at Resthaven, and, though all forms of electric, sulphur, radium and Nauheim baths, and the Solarium are at the disposal of the guests, through it all permeats the exquisite atmosphere of the home. The patronesses of Resthaven are:
Miss Jane Addams of Hull House,
Mrs. Charles Henrotin, President National Federation Women's Clubs,
Mrs. William Chalmers, Lake Shore Drive,
Dr. Cornelia De Bey,
Mrs. Charles Vaughn Moody,
Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley,
Miss Alice McCowan,
Mrs. Nott Flint.
Dr. and Mrs. Washburne have decided to cast their lot with us at Háviland, continuing to employ here the ideals and methods that made Resthaven a pronounced success in the Middle West.

DR. WASHBURNE:

Dr. Washburne was graduated from the Chicago Homeopathic Medical College in 1885, and was almost immediately elected to the chair of Histology in the same institution, in which capacity he became an expert in the use of the microscope. The importance of this training in detecting the presence of determining bacilli and other micro-organisms in difficult diagnosis must be evident to anyone. In 1887 he was made Professor of Pathology in the same College, and during his incumbency of this chair, wrote "Washburne's Manual of Pathology," a text book still used in

many of the leading schools. Still later he occupied the chair of Obstetrics and Gynecology, working with Dr. R. N. Foster of Chicago in that physician's lying-in hospital, and there acquired the practical skill in treating the diseases of women, which has stood him in good stead.
It was about this time, 1895, that he was appointed a member of the Chicago Board of Health, and in that capacity made a brilliant record in tracing to its source an epidemic of typhoid fever, and completely stamping it out.
The winters of 1899-1902 he spent in the great London hospitals, principally St. Thomas' and Guy's, studying the work of such world-famous surgeons as Walsham and Horsey.

Besides being author of "Washburne's Manual of Pathology," monographs on "Suggestion" and "Heredity," and editor of the medical portions of the "Success Library," he is at present associate member of the Illinois State Medical Society and the American Medical Association.

MRS. MARION FOSTER WASHBURNE:

Mrs. Marion F. Washburne is the Editor of the Mother's Magazine, and her Essays on Sociology and Educational matters have appeared in the Ladies' Home Journal, Harper's Bazaar, Good Housekeeping, and other well known magazines. These Essays have been compiled and published in book form by McMillan & McClurg.



MRS. MARION F. WASHBURNE

Mrs. Washburne was Educational Editor on the Chicago Tribune, and has been a prominent club worker in Chicago for many years. Most of the Mothers' Clubs of Illinois and Indiana were organized by her. She is a graduated kindergartner, and her educational ideal is the extension of the Froebelian method through the higher grades.

LITTLE FARMS:

All about the Village will be grouped little farms, averaging about three acres each, where scientific intensive agriculture is practised. On each of these little farms will be a bungalow, very simple and inexpensive, and those who prefer to live here, working the soil themselves and raising vegetables, flowers, fruits, or chickens, will be helped in their work by the Experiment Station in the Village where the latest advices from the United States Department of Agriculture can always be had. The farms will be visited at regular intervals by practical experts who will offer advice and suggestions.

A market for most if not all the produce of these farms will be afforded by the Village itself, thus avoiding the commissions and charges of middlemen and railroads.

SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY:

Haviland will also furnish every opportunity for the higher activity of the mind. This will be

done in a simple, but effective fashion,—one adapted, as is everything else in the Village, to the special needs of its inhabitants—though the School of Philosophy is not confined to residents. Here is the plan:

On a hill, a little back of and above the Rest Department, will stand two or three bungalows and an open air Lecture Hall. These bungalows will be at the disposal of eminent men of science and philosophy from all over the world. They will be invited to be the guests of the Village, with all their family, or traveling companions. They will be given a pretty, comfortable home, and good food; and in return will be asked to share with the Villagers and their guests from Los Angeles and Pasadena the truths they have been gathering in their various universities. As California is visited by almost all tourists on their way around the world, and as the founders of Haviland have unusual opportunities of access to the great men of this country, Europe, and Asia, the lectures given in the Lecture Hall will be of a variety and brilliance unequalled elsewhere.

Yet at the same time the needs of the Villagers are never forgotten. These lectures are to be given at four o'clock in the afternoon,—thus giving the morning to treatments and rest, the afternoon for a siesta, and not requiring any mental exertion whatever until the cool of the day.

The School of Philosophy, although an integral

part of the work of the corporated village, is not a business at all—as are the Rest Department and the Tuberculosis Department. No price will be paid to the distinguished men and women who honor the school with their presence; and none will be required from those who avail themselves of the privilege of attending the lectures and classes. However, no creed will be preached—nothing but the simple truth as each man sees it. Although we have called it a School of Philosophy, there is nothing that anyone can join, even if he wants to. It will be a school of pure freedom, calling together, under no restrictions whatsoever, not even the usual restrictions of money, the best thinkers of the world, to give freely of their best to whose who, from disease, or old age, or poverty, or exhaustion, stand most greatly in need of the best. This is the mind of the Village of Haviland; what is at its heart remains untold.

EDITORAL NOTES

By Sydney Flower

VALE! VALE!—This is to announce a change of plan from that set forth in the April number of the **YOGI**, wherein you were informed that the new magazine **LITTLE FARMS** would begin issue in July. The Manager of The Western News Company of Chicago, who, above all men, knows the magazine game, tells me that the very best month for putting out a new magazine on the newsstands is **SEPTEMBER**, and therefore we shall make this May number of the **YOGI** the last, because we must have two months or so clear for a trip east. You will perceive without further explanation that **LITTLE FARMS** needs some careful advance preparation. We expect to gather together not less than ten thousand advance subscribers by means of a summer advertising campaign supported by your own earnest endeavor to make it an immediate success, and we need these coming three months to get everything in shape. So we say goodbye to the **YOGI** with this number, and those of you who have subscribed for it till the end of the year 1911 will receive **LITTLE FARMS** in place of it beginning with September.

SPECIAL ADVANCE OFFER—To make it easy and pleasant work to gather in this large advance subscription list for **LITTLE FARMS** we are making an offer that must commend itself to your good judgment. Namely. We will send

LITTLE FARMS till the end of 1911, from September to December inclusive, four issues, for 10 cents, silver or stamps. This is exactly half the regular rate of 5 cents a copy. Our idea is that after you have read LITTLE FARMS for four months for 10 cents you will be glad to renew your subscriptions in December and probably give away many more as Christmas presents to your friends. It may be so. We play the game on that supposition. LITTLE FARMS will be published from an office in Los Angeles and will be mailed from Los Angeles, but until you receive the first copy of LITTLE FARMS in the mail kindly address all subscriptions to Sydney Flower, Sierra Madre, Cal., and they will be properly taken care of.

THE PRACTICAL SIDE—The YOGI has never been anything but a lark, a song-bird of literature, a trifle hoarse at times, and not always quite true to scale, but blithe enough to carry off an occasional false note successfully. But LITTLE FARMS is a magazine with a purpose. It will tell you what people have done and are doing with LAND. It will not confine its field to California Land by any means. Much is being done in the development of great tracts in Florida, in Texas, in Utah, in Nevada, in Oregon and Washington, and in Mexico. It is an extensive field, but we shall cover it. For this serious work we have a serious man, Mr. Samuel Wall, at present editor of The Los Angeles Financier, who will be the editor of LITTLE FARMS, and his agreeable

literary style will cause the desert of dry facts to blossom like the rose for you each month. Moreover, there will be a Department of Question and Answer in his charge each month which you can make very helpful to the seeker after a new home, by plying it with inquiries regarding the things you want most to know about. When you want to know everything about anything write to Mr. Wall.

THE MONTHLY CLASSIC—My own Department in LITTLE FARMS is less necessary to the reader than Mr. Wall's, but it will have the merit of supplying just that amount of variety without which even the most nutritious diet lacks savor. Modesty will be my ruin yet, but I may say in a conservative way that I shall give you each month the usual sparkling editorial notes about nothing in particular, together with the monthly Classic, consisting of the best things said or written by the greatest thinkers of the earth of all times. These will include THE HEART OF Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, Epictetus, Goethe, Coleridge, William James, Spinoza, Kant, Schopenhauer, and a host of others as rare and fine. This is absolutely the greatest stuff that ever was put in a magazine since the world began. And you get the first four months of it for ten cents! Tell your friends, will you? I have compiled enough of these Classics to run one each month for five years to come, and there will be enough material available to continue it for a further five years. The greater success that at-

tends LITTLE FARMS the greater honor you will do your own taste in boosting it along.

There will also be a Department in my charge relating to the answer to the question "If a man die shall he live again?" Apparently only Spiritualism has attempted up to this time to answer that question in a matter that is satisfactory to human reason. Therefore let us examine such data as we can get our hands upon, not in any spirit of levity, and still less in any spirit of blind devotion or reverence, because nothing is entitled to reverence which is not certainly and beyond any doubt true and good.

CROOKES RESEARCHES—I am in receipt of a letter from Sir William Crookes objecting strongly to the publication of his Researches in this magazine on the ground that he has in mind the publishing of another book dealing with his work along this line, and calling attention to the fact that the first book, the one we are now reprinting, was brought out without his knowledge forty years ago, and the sale of it interdicted in England. He says further that our reprinting of this book at this time will assuredly hurt the sale of the forthcoming work. To that I have to reply that we shall continue the publication in serial form of his book Researches in Spiritualism for the following reasons:

1. Whatever of publicity accrues to the work of Sir William Crookes because of the reprinting

of his first book by us will assist the sale of the work that follows.

2. It is quite possible that there may not be any second book.

3. We are examining facts in our search for truth. Forty years ago Sir William Crookes was fortunate enough to come into possession of certain facts that are of value to the world. He says that these facts were given to the world forty years ago without his consent. Quite so, but we are not concerned with anything but the value of the facts. It is our judgment that they have value, and the whim of the distinguished author and scientist forbidding their publication must be disregarded. Sir William's position is not the scientific position, and is indefensible.

HUBBARD—In this number we give you THE HEART OF ELBERT HUBBARD. He has said more good things, and has said them better, than any living man. He is most remarkable for his unvarying sanity. Brilliant men have periods of aberration when they are untrustworthy leaders. Would you follow Tolstoi, for instance, into the ditch? I detest extremes. There is no health in them. The asylums of this land are full of men and women who followed that flickering marsh-light, Intuition, to their undoing. Beware the attitude of the Disciple. Think for yourselves. Hold fast to Reason and Judgment. They grow by use. Do your work, whatever it may be,

cheerfully, and drop the grouch. That is Hubbard's Philosophy—a part of it—and it is very wholesome and wise. He will have much honor after he is dead. Would it not be well to pay him some of that debt now—on account, as it were?

HAVILAND—In this number you will find set forth the plan of a new Health Village that should commend itself to you as something greatly needed. I have had nothing to do with the Idea itself, but there is one feature of it that has taken powerful hold of my sympathies, namely, The School for Tuberculous Children. This is so excellent a thing, so vitally necessary and so purely good, that I want to impress its importance upon your minds. It is not necessary that I should go into detail at this time regarding the plan as a whole. The writer of the article has made it clear that HAVILAND is not an experiment; is not a Communistic Idea, or an Altruistic Brotherhood, or anything of that kind. It is a business-proposition, run upon business-lines, and therefore sound. Some very big people, who neither court nor shun the lime-light, are interested in it. The land selected for the town-site is a tract of four hundred acres lying in the San Fernando Valley, within easy access of Los Angeles. This vast and fertile plain is the only tract left within striking distance of Los Angeles where first-class land can be had today at anything like a reasonable figure. We shall keep you informed in LITTLE FARMS of how the work at HAVILAND progresses.

VALE!—Here then we part till September. But you can begin sending in your lists of names and your ten-cent subscriptions to LITTLE FARMS at once, and as often as the notion strikes you. I count upon your help, and never have I called in vain. Therefore do not wait till the last minute to send in those subscriptions because we must have a large advance list to justify a big issue of the first number. Do it NOW.

THE MONTHLY CLASSIC

(Compiled by the Editor of the Yogi)

THE HEART OF ELBERT HUBBARD

And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and lift, are the things that put pure Socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all?

Of course we shall all die (I'll admit that), and further, we may be a long time dead (I'll admit that), and further, we may be going through the world for the last time—as to that I do not know—but while we are here it seems the part of reason to devote our energies to that which brings as few heart-pangs to ourselves and others as possible.

Owners of art must build no spite fence! Show the marbles that fill your niches and the canvases

that glorify your walls to those who seldom see such sights; give your education to those who need it, your culture to those who have less, and you double your treasure by giving it away.

All success consists in this: you are doing something for somebody—benefiting humanity; and the feeling of success comes from the consciousness of this. Interest a person in useful employment and you are transforming Chaos into Cosmos.

Blessed is the man who has found his work.

I'm not sure just what the unpardonable sin is, but I believe it is the disposition to evade the payment of small bills.

If you wish to lessen the worries of the world and scatter sunshine as you go, don't bother to go a-slumming, or lift the fallen, or trouble to reclaim the erring—simply pay your debts cheerfully and promptly.

I am opposed on principle to secrets. Is truth a thing to hide in a ginger jar on a high shelf? You are welcome to all the good I can impart, and if you are in possession of truth that the world needs and you keep it back, you are not my kind.

No person can read a book secretly and by stealth, and then gloat over it alone. A woman may discover the only pure baking powder and chuckle over her rich find—keeping the secret to herself so as to make other housewives envious of

her biscuit, but she can never read a book and like it (or dislike it) and keep the fact to herself. All booklovers have chums, and the pleasure of reading is to pass this joy along to another. Lovers always read together, and the chief joy of loving a woman is to read to her, or have her read to you.

What think you the earth will be like when the majority of men and women in it learn that to be simple and honest and true is the part of wisdom, and that to work for Love and Beauty is the highest good?

There is no more preposterous admonition than that which has been dinged into the ears of innocence for centuries, that "Children should be seen and not heard." The healthy, active child is full of impressions, and that he should express himself is just as natural as for a bird to sing. It is nature's way of giving growth—no one knows a thing for sure until he tells it to some-one else.

Do your work as well as you can and be kind—that's the best way to get along here, if there is one. . . . All wise men have known it. No one knows any more about absolute truth than I do, and I know as much about it as anyone who ever lived, and I know nothing. Do your work as well as you can and be kind.

We grow strong doing things. And when one generation comes into possession of the material good that the former generation has gained, and

makes that fool remark, "I don't have to work," it straightway is stepping on the chute that gives it a slide to Avernus—and then all has to be done over again.

I am an Anarchist. No man who believes in force and violence is an Anarchist. The true Anarchist decries all influences save those of love and reason. Ideas are his only arms. Being an Anarchist, I am also a Socialist. . . . The Socialist believes in working for the good of all, while Anarchy is pure Individualism. I believe in every man working for the good of self; and in working for the good of self, he works for the good of all. To think, to see, to feel, to know; to deal justly; to bear all patiently; to act quietly; to speak cheerfully; to moderate one's voice—these things will bring you the highest good.

If there is any better way to teach virtue than by practicing it, I do not know it.

Would you make men better—set them an example.

I fix my thought on the good that is in every soul and make my appeal to that. And the plan is a wise one, judged by results.

I do not believe in governing by force, or threat, or any other form of coercion. I would not arouse in the heart of any of God's creatures a thought of fear, or discord, or hate, or revenge. I will

influence men, if I can, but it shall be only by aiding them to think for themselves; and so, mayhap, they, of their own accord, will choose the better part—the ways that lead to life and light.

I believe in the motherhood of God. I believe in the blessed Trinity of Father, Mother and Child. I believe that God is here, and that we are as near Him as we ever shall be. I do not believe He started this world a-going and went away and left it. I believe in the sacredness of the human body, this transient dwelling-place of a living soul, and so I deem it the duty of every man and every woman to keep his or her body beautiful through right thinking and right living. I believe that the love of man for woman, and the love of woman for man, is holy; and that this love in all of its promptings is as much an emanation of the Divine Spirit as man's love for God, or the most daring hazards of human mind. I believe in salvation through economic, social and spiritual freedom. I believe John Ruskin, William Morris, Henry Thoreau, Walt Whitman, and Leo Tolstoy to be Prophets of God, and they should rank in mental reach and spiritual insight with Elijah, Hosea, Ezekiel and Isaiah. I believe we are now living in Eternity as much as we ever shall. I believe that the best way to prepare for a Future Life is to be kind, live one day at a time, and do the work you can do the best, doing it as well as you can. I believe there is no devil but yourself. I believe that we are all sons of

God and it doth not yet appear what we shall be. I believe in freedom—social, economic, domestic, political, mental, spiritual. I believe in every man minding his own business. I believe that men are inspired today as much as they ever were. I believe in sunshine, fresh air, friendship, calm sleep, beautiful thoughts. I believe in the paradox of success through failure. I believe in the purifying process of sorrow, and I believe that death is a manifestation of Life. I believe there is no better preparation for a life to come than this: Do your work as well as you can, and be kind. I believe the Universe is planned for good. I believe it is possible that I will make other creeds, and change this one, or add to it, from time to time, as new light may come to me.

The individual busy at work, work he likes, is safe. This way sanity, health and happiness lie. Through the proper exercise of the three H's—Head, Hand and Heart—are we educated, and to be educated is to live, for education means development, unfoldment. There is only one thing worth praying for, and that is to be in the line of evolution—growth. There is no happiness elsewhere, save in the consciousness that we are traveling toward the light, slowly but surely. To know this is to live.

To be famous is to be slandered by people who do not know you.

The recipe for perpetual ignorance is: be satisfied with your opinions and content with your knowledge.

A bird in the bush is worth two on a woman's bonnet.

Women often make shrill outcry at sight of a mouse; men curse roundly when large, buzzing blue-bottle flies disturb their after-dinner nap; but let occasion come and the stuff of which heroes are made is in us all. I think well of my kind.

Science has explained many things, but it has not yet told why it sometimes happens that when seventeen eggs are hatched, the brood will consist of sixteen barnyard fowls and one eagle.

Verily, in the midst of life we are in debt.

Women under thirty seldom know much unless Fate has been kind and cuffed them thoroughly. Man creates both his god and his devil in his own image. His god is himself at his best and his devil is himself at his worst.

Work is for the worker, and work is a blessing. The Bible does not teach that—it teaches that work is a form of punishment, and only a very grim necessity at the best. Even the New Testament is full of sympathy and condolences for the bearer of burdens and those who are heavy laden. There is much about looking forward to sweet rest in heaven, but not a word about getting on to your job. Heaven, to many, is a long rest, and no religion has ever pictured a paradise where happiness came through useful activity.

We grow strong through assuming responsibili-

ties—by bearing burdens and doing things, we acquire power.

Love is for the lover—Love for Love's sake. That is just as new, just as modern, as that work is for the worker. The Bible says nothing about the love of a man and a woman being a blessing for its own sake. The men who wrote the Bible knew no more about it than they knew of the practical value of electricity. Love for its own sake is a new proposition. Solomon knew nothing of it. The New Testament is not wholly silent, however, for it gives a glimmer when the Master defends the woman by saying, "She loved much." The selfish wish to govern is often mistaken for a holy zeal in the cause of humanity.

Where there is comradeship there can love and reason walk hand in hand.

Sin is misdirected energy, and the capacity for wrong means also the capacity for good; but weakness is the capacity for nothing.

It is a great thing to keep silence without being glum—to down your critics without saying a word, and add to your friends by holding your peace!

Abstinence is not enough, you must make life positive—do something.

A Disciple is an individual who is hotly intent on hitching his ice-cart to a star.

Your enemy is a man who does not comprehend you, and your Disciple is the same; they work different stages of the chrysalis, that's all.

If men could only know each other, they could never either idolize or hate. Anyone who idolizes you is going to hate you when he discovers that yau are fallible. He never forgives. He has deceived himself, and he blames you for it.

It is foolish to say sharp, hasty things, but 'tis a deal more foolish to write 'em. When a man sends you an impudent letter, sit right down and give it back to him with interest ten times compounded—and then throw both letters into the waste basket.

A retentive memory is a great thing, but the ability to forget is the true token of greatness.

Yes, a persecution has its compensation. In its state of persecution a religion is pure, if ever; its decline begins when its prosperity commences. Prosperous men are never wise and seldom good. Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you.

The man of masterful mind is perforce an Egoist. When he speaks he says, "Thus saith the Lord." If he did not believe in himself, how could he ever make others believe in him? Small men are apologetic and give excuses for being on earth, and reasons for staying here so long, and run and peep about to find themselves dishonorable graves. Not so the great souls—the fact that they are here is proof that God sent them. Their actions are regal, their language oracular, their manner affirmative.

Violence symbols weakness—strength shows itself in patience and poise.

I desire to radiate good health, calm courage, cheerfulness and goodwill.

The individual who thinks he is hated will be hated, in reality, very shortly. Hate is catching. If we are ever damned it will not be because we have loved too much, but because we have loved too little.

To be your brother's keeper is very excellent, if you do not cease to be his friend.

If pleasures are greater in anticipation, just remember that this is true also of troubles.

We can go forward only as we leave hate behind. If we sow hate we must reap hate. We awaken in others the same attitude that we hold toward them.

You can only help yourself by helping others.

A great sorrow at one stroke purchases redemption from all petty troubles; it sinks all trivial annoyances into nothingness and grants a life-long freedom from all petty, corroding cares.

There are two qualities that are the property of only strong men: confidence and resignation.

We believe a thing first and skirmish for our proofs afterward.

Man has tried to make peace with the skies instead of making peace with his neighbor.

Love, that curious life-stuff, which holds within itself the spore of all mystic possibilities; that

makes alive dull wits, gives the coward heart, and warms into being the sodden senses, that gives joy and gratitude, and rest and hope and peace; shall we not call this divine?

If love is life, and hate is death, how can spite benefit?

The friends we have are only our other selves—we get what we deserve.

Only second-rate men have exalted aims. The great of earth simply endeavor to do their work, not to be great.

You can lead a boy to college, but you cannot make him think.

That parent only is doing his whole duty who is training the child to do without him.

He who will not accept orders has no right to give them: he who will not serve has no right to command; he who cannot keep silence has no right to speak.

Do not stop to think about who are with you, and what men are against you. It matters little at the last—both the ability to harm and the ability to help are over-estimated.

People who profess to love their enemies are apt to hold averages good by hating their friends.

Gentleness and good cheer—these come before all questions of morals.

It is good policy to leave a few things unsaid.

Sickness sometimes is the calling a halt that gives a man time to think.

Listen closely and you will detect the minor note in the voice of every man of decided worth.

Common sense is a form of godliness, and in the last analysis wisdom and virtue are synonymous; and whatever is wise cannot but be good.

Most of the really great men in America have warmed their bare feet frosty mornings on the spot where the cows have lain down.

The hate we sow finds lodgment in our hearts and the crop is nettles that Fate unrelentingly demands we shall gather.

There is but one way to win, and that is to do your work well, and speak ill of no one, not even as a matter of truth.

The success of an individual is usually damnation for his children. Luxury enervates and kills, and this is the reason that the race has made such slow and painful progress. All one generation gains is lost in the next. The great nations have died off from the earth simply because they have succeeded.

By going with a gang men hope to grow wise. But while wisdom has sometimes come to men in solitude, it is not to be found in the crowd.

Let's keep the windows open to the East, be worthy, and sometime we shall know.

If you would have friends, be one.

One can bear grief, but it takes two to be glad.

The beauty with which love adorns its object becomes at last the possession of the one who loves.

The life of every man is a seamless garment—its woof his thoughts, its warp his deeds. When for him the roaring loom of time stops and the thread is broken, foolish people sometimes point to certain spots in the robe and say: "O why did he not leave that out!" not knowing that every action of man is a sequence from off Fate's spindle.

They do not know that to enslave another is to have one end of the chain riveted to your own wrist. They do not know that to cheat another is to cheat yourself. They do not know that nothing can be concealed or hidden, and that everything, good or bad, reacts on the doer, and that men are punished by their sins, not for them. Kindness is something we receive and have to pass along in order to keep it.

And she will do as I have done and as you have done—stand by an open grave and ask in anguish, "If a man die, shall he live again?" And the falling clods will give no sign, and the winds that sigh and sob through the trees will make no reply; but hope and love will answer, yes.

NOTES OF AN ENQUIRY INTO THE PHENOMENA CALLED SPIRITUAL,

During the Years 1870-73*

By Sir William Crookes, F. R. S., &c.

(Continued from April Yogi)

Like a traveller exploring some distant country, the wonders of which have hitherto been known only through reports and rumors of a vague or distorted character, so for four years have I been occupied in pushing an enquiry into a territory of natural knowledge which offers almost virgin soil to a scientific man. As the traveller sees in the natural phenomena he may witness the action of forces governed by natural laws, where others see only the capricious intervention of offended gods, so have I endeavored to trace the operation of natural laws and forces, where others have seen only the agency of supernatural beings, owning no laws, and obeying no force but their own free will. As the traveller in his wanderings is entirely dependent on the goodwill and friendliness of the chiefs and the medicine men of the tribes amongst whom he sojourns, so have I not only been aided in my enquiry in a marked degree by some of those who possess the peculiar powers I have sought to examine, but have also formed firm and valued friendships amongst many of the recognized leaders of opinion, whose hospitalities I have shared. As the traveller sometimes sends home, when oppor-

tunity offers, a brief record of progress, which record, being necessarily isolated from all that has led up to it, is often received with disbelief or ridicule, so have I on two occasions selected and published what seemed to be a few striking and definite **FACTS**; but having omitted to describe the preliminary stages necessary to lead the public mind up to an appreciation of the phenomena and to show how they fitted into other observed facts, they were also met, not only with incredulity, but with no little abuse. And, lastly, as the traveller, when his exploration is finished and he returns to his old associates, collects together all his scattered notes, tabulates them, and puts them in order ready to be given to the world as a connected narrative, so have I, on reaching this stage of the enquiry, arranged and put together all my disconnected observations, ready to place before the public in the form of a volume.

*First published in the Quarterly Journal of Science for January, 1874.

The phenomena I am prepared to attest are so extraordinary and so directly oppose the most firmly rooted articles of scientific belief—amongst others, the ubiquity and invariable action of the force of gravitation—that, even now, on recalling the details of what I witnessed, there is an antagonism in my mind between **REASON**, which pronounces it to be scientifically impossible, and the consciousness that my senses, both of touch and sight,—and these corroborated, as they were, by the senses of all who were present,—are not

lying witnesses when they testify against my preconceptions.*

But the supposition that there is a sort of mania or delusion which suddenly attacks a whole roomful of intelligent persons who are quite sane elsewhere, and that they all concur to the minutest particulars, in the details of the occurrences of which they suppose themselves to be witnesses, seems to my mind more incredible than even the facts they attest.

The subject is far more difficult and extensive than it appears. Four years ago I intended only to devote a leisure month or two to ascertain whether certain marvellous occurrences I had heard about would stand the test of close scrutiny. Having, however, soon arrived at the same conclusion as, I may say, every impartial enquirer, that there was "something in it," I could not, as a student of nature's laws, refuse to follow the enquiry wheresoever the facts might lead. Thus a few months have grown into a few years, and were my time at my own disposal it would probably extend still longer. But other matters of scientific and practical interest demand my present attention; and, inasmuch as I cannot afford the time requisite to follow the enquiry as it deserves, and as I am fully confident it will be studied by scientific men a few years hence, and as my opportunities are not now as good as they

*The following remarks are so appropriate that I cannot forbear quoting them. They occur in a private letter from an old friend, to whom I

had sent an account of some of these occurrences. The high position which he holds in the scientific world renders doubly valuable any opinion he expresses on the mental tendencies of scientific men. "Any intellectual reply to your facts I cannot see. Yet it is a curious fact that even I, with all my tendency and desire to believe spiritualistically, and with all my faith in your power of observing and your thorough truthfulness, feel as if I wanted to see for myself; and it is quite painful to me to think how much more proof I want. Painful, I say, because I see that it is not reason which convinces a man, unless a fact is repeated so frequently that the impression becomes like a habit of mind, an old acquaintance, a thing known so long that it cannot be doubted. This is a curious phase of man's mind, and it is remarkably strong in scientific men—stronger than in others, I think. For this reason we must not always call a man dishonest because he does not yield to evidence for a long time. The old wall of belief must be broken by much battering." were some time ago, when Mr. D. D. Home was in good health, and Miss Kate Fox (now Mrs. Jencken) was free from domestic and maternal occupations, I feel compelled to suspend further investigation for the present.

To obtain free access to some persons abundantly endowed with the power I am experimenting upon, now involves more favour than a scientific investigator should be expected to make of it. Spiritualism amongst its more devout followers

is a religion. The mediums, in many cases young members of the family, are guarded with a seclusion and jealousy which an outsider can penetrate with difficulty. Being earnest and conscientious believers in the truth of certain doctrines which they hold to be substantiated by what appear to them tobe miraculous occurrences, they seem to hold the presence of a scientific investigation as a profanation of the shrine. As a personal favour I have more than once been allowed to be present at meetings that presented rather the form of a religious ceremony than of a spiritualistic seance. But to be admitted by favour once or twice, as a stranger might be allowed to witness the Eleusinian mysteries, or a Gentile to peep within the Holy of Holies, is not the way to ascertain facts and discover laws. To gratify curiosity is one thing; to carry on systematic research is another. I am seeking the truth continually. On a few occasions, indeed, I have been allowed to apply tests and impose conditions; but only once or twice have I been permitted to carry off the priestess from her shrine, and in my own house, surrounded by my own friends, to enjoy opportunities of testing the phenomena I had witnessed elsewhere under less conclusive conditions.* My observations on these cases will find their due place in the work I am about to publish.

In this paper I give no instances and use no arguments drawn from these exceptional cases. Without this explanation it might be thought

that the immense number of facts I have accumulated were principally obtained on the few occasions here referred to, and the objection would naturally arise of insufficiency of scrutiny from want of time.

Following the plan adopted on previous occasions, —a plan which, however much it offended the prejudices of some critics, I have good reason to know was acceptable to the readers of the "Quarterly Journal of Science,"—I intended to embody the results of my labour in the form of one or two articles for this journal. However, on going over my notes, I find such a wealth of facts, such a superabundance of evidence, so overwhelming a mass of testimony, all of which will have to be marshalled in order, that I could fill several numbers of the "Quarterly." I must therefore be content on this occasion with an outline only of my labours, leaving proofs and full details to another occasion.

My principal object will be to place on record a series of actual occurrences which have taken place in my own house, in the presence of trustworthy witnesses, and under as strict test conditions as I could devise. Every fact which I have observed is, moreover, corroborated by the records of independent observers at other times and places. It will be seen that the facts are of the most astounding character, and seem utterly irreconcilable with all known theories of modern science. Having satisfied myself of their truth, it

would be moral cowardice to withhold my testimony because my previous publications were ridiculed by critics and others who knew nothing whatever of the subject, and who were too prejudiced to see and judge for themselves whether or not there was truth in the phenomena; I shall state simply what I have seen and proved by repeated experiment and test, and "I have yet to learn that it is irrational to endeavour to discover the causes of unexplained phenomena."

At the commencement, I must correct one or two errors which have taken firm possession of the public mind. One is that darkness is essential to the phenomena. This is by no means the case. Except where darkness has been a necessary condition, as with some of the phenomena of luminous appearances, and a few other instances, everything recorded has taken place in the light. In the few cases where the phenomena noted have occurred in darkness I have been very particular to mention the fact; moveover some special reason can be shown for the exclusion of light, or the results have been produced under such perfect test conditions that the suppression of one of the senses has not really weakened the evidence. Another common error is that the occurrences can be witnessed only at certain times and places,—in the rooms of the medium, or at hours previously arranged; and arguing from this erroneous supposition, an analogy has been insisted on between the phenomena called spiritual and the feats of legerdemain by professional "conjurers" and

"wizards," exhibited on their own platform and surrounded by all the appliances of their act.

To show how far this is from the truth, I need only say that, with very few exceptions, the many hundreds of facts I am prepared to attest,—facts which to imitate by known mechanical or physical means would baffle the skill of Houdin, a Bosco, or an Anderson, backed with all the resources of elaborate machinery and the practice of years,—have all taken place in my own house, at times appointed by myself, and under circumstances which absolutely precluded the employment of the very simplest instrumental aids.

A third error is that the medium must select his own circle of friends and associates at a seance; that these friends must be thorough believers in the truth of whatever doctrine the medium enunciates; and that conditions are imposed on any person present of an investigating turn of mind, which entirely preclude accurate observation and facilitate trickery and deception. In reply to this I can state that, (with the exception of the very few cases to which I have alluded in a previous paragraph where, whatever might have been the motive for exclusiveness, it certainly was not the veiling of deception), I have chosen my own circle of friends, have introduced any hard-headed unbeliever whom I pleased, and have generally imposed my own terms, which have been carefully chosen to prevent the possibility of fraud. Having gradually ascertained some of the conditions which facilitate the occurrence of the phenomena,

my modes of conducting these inquiries have generally been attended with equal and, indeed, in most cases with more, success than on other occasions, where, through mistaken notions of the importance of certain trifling observances, the conditions imposed might render less easy the detection of fraud.

I have said that darkness is not essential. It is, however, a well-ascertained fact that when the force is weak a bright light exerts an interfering action on some of the phenomena. The power possessed by Mr. Home is sufficiently strong to withstand this antagonistic influence; consequently, he always objects to darkness at his senaces. Indeed, except on two occasions, when, for some particular experiments of my own, light was excluded, everything which I have witnessed with him has taken place in the light. I have had many opportunities of testing the action of light of different sources and colours, such as sun-light, diffused day light, moon light, gas, lamp, and candle light, electric light from a vacuum tube, homogeneous yellow light, &c. The interfering rays appear to be those at the extreme end of the spectrum.

I now proceed to classify some of the phenomena which have come under my notice, proceeding from the simple to the more complex, and briefly giving under each heading an outline of some of the evidence I am prepared to bring forward. My readers will remember that, with the exception of cases specially mentioned, the occurrences have

taken place in my own house, in the light, and with only private friends present besides the medium. In the contemplated volume I propose to give in full detail the tests and precautions adopted on each occasion, with names of witnesses. I only briefly allude to them in this article.

CLASS I.

The Movement of Heavy Bodies with Contact, but without Mechanical Exertion.

This is one of the simplest forms of the phenomena observed. It varies in degree from a quivering or vibration of the room and its contents to the actual rising into the air of a heavy body when the hand is placed on it. The retort is obvious that if people are touching a thing when it moves, they push it, or pull it, or lift it; I have proved experimentally that this is not the case in numerous instances, but as a matter of evidence I attach little importance to this class of phenomena by itself, and only mention them as a preliminary to other movements of the same kind, but without contact.

These movements (and indeed I may say the same of every kind of phenomenon) are generally preceded by a peculiar cold air, sometimes amounting to a decided wind. I have had sheets of paper blown about by it, and a thermometer lowered several degrees. On some occasions, which I will subsequently give more in detail, I have not detected any actual movement of the air,

but the cold has been so intense that I could only compare it to that felt when the hand has been within a few inches of frozen mercury.

(To be Continued in LITTLE FARMS)